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### THE RUBICON.

One other bitter drop to drink  
And then—no more!  
One little pause upon the brink  
And then—go on!  
One sigh and then the lib'rant morn  
Of perfect day,  
When my free spirit, newly born,  
Will soar away.

One pang and I shall rend the thrall  
Where grief abides,  
And generous death will show me all  
That now He hides.  
And lucid in that second birth,  
I shall discern  
What all the sages of the earth  
Have died to learn.

One motion and the stream is crost,  
So dark, so deep!  
And I shall triumph or be lost  
In endless sleep.  
Then onward. Whatsoever my fate,  
I shall not care.  
Nor sin nor sorrow, love nor hate  
Can touch me there.

—William Winter.

### THE CASE OF CAPTAIN GEROME.

(By S. Roland Hall.)

We were in the smoking-room of the  
steamship Atlantis, on the way to Ber-  
muda, and were discussing a recent  
notable disaster in the Sound where a  
captain, after ramming a schooner,  
abandoned his ship in the first boat,  
leaving the passengers to shift for them-  
selves.

"It seems to me, gentlemen," said  
the gray-bearded man, who had brought  
up the subject, "that the world is going  
backward in more ways than one. We  
never heard of the old-time captains  
showing the white feather in times of  
danger. They lived up to the unwritten  
law and stood by their ships to the last.  
How about it, Captain Dodge? Don't  
you think I'm right?"

"Well, sir," said the captain of the  
Atlantis, a ruddy-faced man apparently  
well into the fifties, "perhaps you are  
right in a way; but we forget, sir, we  
forget."  
He tilted his chair back and went on  
in a reminiscent way: "I don't suppose  
any of you gentlemen ever heard of the  
case of Captain Gerome, did you? Prob-  
ably you never heard even of his ship,  
the Cecilia. Well, it was a long time  
ago."

"We drew up expectantly, and the  
captain, thus encouraged, proceeded to  
give us an account of one of the  
strangest incidents of the sea that it  
was ever my fortune to hear related.

"The Cecilia," said the captain, "was  
a single-screw steamer of 4,000 tons,  
running between New York and Lisbon.  
At that time, she was only about six  
years old and a pretty fair ship as ships  
went then—which I should have said  
was in 1879. I was her second mate,  
and had served nearly a year under  
Captain Gerome when this thing hap-  
pened."

"We were sailing from Lisbon to  
New York with a cargo of fruit and  
general stuff, and something like sixty  
passengers. We had made the Azores  
and were about ten hours out, I should  
say, when we ran into a stiff gale that  
blew us out of our course and soon had  
us guessing.

"Gerome was as fine a seaman as  
ever trod the deck, but he had his fail-  
ings, and one of them whiskey. He had  
started a spree before we left Lisbon,  
and had kept it up pretty steadily. When  
he was that way, he was a bad man to  
work with. Whiskey, you know, affects  
men differently. Gerome was one of  
the kind that it shuts up. He would  
be as mum as a clam until he broke  
loose, and then he broke loose with him.

"Those of us that knew him knew  
it was best to leave him alone as much  
as we could in such times.

"As soon as we had got well under  
way after leaving the Azores, Gerome  
went to his room and locked himself in,  
and no calls or anything else got him out.

"We had our hands more than full  
soon after we struck that gale, and  
things got so bad long toward midnight  
that we lost control of the ship at times.  
Both Farley, the first mate, and I tried  
to get the captain out, but it was no  
use. He belled out at us once or  
twice, and that was all.

"Well, sir, about half-past twelve we  
went up on a big one and came down  
with a bump that set all the passengers  
wild—brought the few that were in  
their bunks out with little or nothing  
on. The ship pitched, then struck again  
and stayed. The gale hadn't been on  
more than six hours, and there wasn't  
any shoal charted anywhere near where  
we ought to have been. But there we  
were hard and fast on something, with  
the sea piling in over our starboard  
quarter and the water pouring in  
through a big leak in the forward port  
side.

"Our rafts and some of the boats  
were swept off first thing, and the leak  
gained on our pumps so fast that it  
looked as if the ship weren't good for  
more than about an hour.

"The night wasn't so thick but that  
we could see it seemed to be a reef off  
some island shore that we had struck,  
and after a while it seemed best to get  
off as many of the passengers as we  
could put in the few boats we had left.

"Then we tried again to get the captain  
out and would have broken the door in,  
but the fool yelled out that he would  
shoot the head off of anybody that came  
in. We believed he would do just that  
thing, so we let him alone, and went to  
work, trying to get out our boats.

"The gale wasn't getting any worse,  
but it was bad enough, and we had a  
time trying to manage the passengers.  
In spite of all we could do, we lost the  
first two boats before we could get any

body in them, which left us with just  
one, and that was hardly big enough to  
hold the women and children, with two  
men to man the oars.

"We were standing by, waiting for  
the best time to put the people in and  
get this boat off, when all at once I  
heard something louder than anything  
we had heard from the passengers, and  
down through that pile of scared people  
came Gerome, pistol in hand, yelling  
for everybody to make way.

"We didn't know what tack he was  
taking, and so didn't try to do anything  
until he was right up with us at the rail.  
Then Farley, seeing he was clean crazy  
with whiskey, caught him by the arm.  
He laid Farley over the head with that  
big pistol and jumped into the boat.  
Then he covered me and ordered to cast  
off.

"I don't think I am exactly a coward,  
but I knew the kind of man I was deal-  
ing with, and I thought I had steered  
my last trick, sure. 'Damn you, shoot!'  
I said. But he didn't. He reached  
down into his pocket, got out a knife  
and slashed the ropes. The boat dived  
into the water, stern down, with him  
climbing up on the seats toward the  
bow, and that was the last we saw of it  
as a boat.

"Strange things happen. From that  
time on, the wind seemed to let down,  
and our leak didn't gain on us. As soon  
as the sea allowed, we heaved a lot of  
bags and stuff over the port side, got  
some down to the leak and choked it,  
so that we were finally able to patch  
the hole.

"We had gone ashore with the tide  
almost at full ebb, and had slid up  
against a sort of shelf of the reef, and  
that was why we did not beat in a great  
deal after we struck. When the tide  
ran to flood the next morning, we backed  
off without much trouble by lightening  
up a little forward. Our stern was well  
off in deep water and the rudder and  
screw weren't hurt at all. About an  
hour after day the weather had cleared  
up, and we could see plainly that we  
had been blown up against a little island.  
It wasn't a new island either, for there  
was a pretty good growth of trees on  
it. The wreckage of our boats and  
rafts was scattered all along the shore,  
which was, I should say, about a thou-  
sand yards from where we had struck  
the reef. There wasn't a sign of the  
captain.

"We thought there might be some  
chance of his being washed ashore with  
the wreck of the boat, so after we  
pulled off, we put the Cecilia out well  
and, going slowly, and sounding all the  
time, we went entirely around the little  
island, searching the shores with our  
glasses. It was only about half a mile  
around. There wasn't anything living  
in sight except a lot of sea-fowl. We  
didn't have a boat to send ashore, so we  
held a little council with some of the  
passengers, decided we had done our  
duty, and sailed on—getting into port  
two days late but without any further  
 mishap.

"But that isn't all of my story, gen-  
tlemen. This is the strange part. Fifteen  
years afterwards, I was master of a  
ship sailing on the Atlantic coast from  
Halifax to the Gulf, and put in one day  
at Metaghan, a little place on the  
St. Mary's Bay, Nova Scotia. I had  
been there once before and knew some  
of the sea-faring folks. I was walking  
around with old Captain Murray down  
near the water front when he said 'Well,  
the silent man is still watching.' 'The  
silent man?' said I, not knowing what  
he was talking about.

"Yes," said he, pointing down the  
beach, 'don't you know about him?'  
Then he told me that this man was the  
curiosity of the town. Years before,  
he said, early one morning some of the  
townspeople found this old man dressed  
in rags and mats made of grass, with  
long hair and beard, huddled up on the  
sand, with just a spark of life in him,  
while not far away was a sort of Robin-  
son Crusoe boat built of all kinds of  
timber. He had only one whole leg,  
the other being off up to the knee. They  
got him into a house and thinking he  
was dying, sent for a priest. All the way  
of information was his name. But as he got  
stronger, he wouldn't tell even that.  
Folks there thought he understood what  
was said to him and could talk, but for some  
reason wouldn't. People speaking dif-  
ferent languages talked to him—a lot  
of summer people get around to that  
little bay every year, you know, but if  
he ever understood any of them, he  
didn't give any sign. He was an in-  
telligent looking fellow, was neat and  
didn't give much trouble—knew how to  
take care of himself, but he just wouldn't  
talk. When any one tried to make him,  
he moaned, and if they kept on he  
would throw himself about like a young-  
ster. He had lived there about eight  
years at that time and was a sort of  
public charge. Once they talked of  
sending him to the almshouse, but the  
people that were taking care of him  
finally concluded that they wouldn't send  
him away. You know how folks are  
around little seaport towns. They said  
he showed that he had been brought up  
as a gentleman and they thought it  
would break his heart to be sent to the  
almshouse. He spent most of his time  
during good weather down on the beach,  
looking out to sea.

"Well, sir, the thing interested me  
mightily. I had never heard anything  
like that before, but there was the man,  
and I'd believe anything old Captain  
Murray said. I asked the Captain what  
the man had said his name was.  
'Gerome,' he says. Well, that about  
took my breath out of me. 'Great  
Heaven, man,' I said, 'that can't be  
Gerome; I sailed with Gerome in '79.'  
'Then he got all excited.

"We talked the thing over a while,  
and then I went over to the old fellow

sitting there on the beach and spoke to  
him. As soon as I set my eyes on his  
face, I knew it was Captain Gerome.  
There wasn't any doubt about that.  
But if he knew me, he didn't show it.  
I tried to talk to him, but couldn't get a  
word from him any more than anybody  
else, though I did look in my face a  
long time in a half absent-minded sort  
of way. At last I said, 'Captain, your  
ship wasn't lost; she came through all  
right after all, and there weren't any  
lives lost.' That didn't have any more  
effect on him than what I had said  
before, so we went off and left him.

"That was five years ago. I heard  
last fall that he was still living there  
at Metaghan, but was getting very feeble  
and did not go out of doors any more  
except in very fine weather. They tell  
me that he still hasn't spoken a word,  
and excepting what I told them up  
there, they don't know any more about  
him now than they did the day they  
found him on the beach nearly dead."

The Captain finished, and he all puffed  
silently, listening to the dash of the  
water against the bow as our ship tore  
her way along through the light night  
sea. In our minds we could see that  
lonely island, with the water-fowl cir-  
cling around, and the disgraced man  
on the beach, thinking, looking. Finally,  
the gray-bearded man spoke: "Don't  
you think you might have been mistaken,  
Captain, about this being Gerome?"

"No, sir," said the Captain, "I never  
forgot a face that I have known well.  
It was Captain Gerome, all right. I  
know that as well as I know I'm living.  
A shark probably bit his leg off when  
he was in the surf on the reef that  
night, and he must have been huddled  
up somewhere behind the wreckage of  
the boats when we were looking for  
him with our glasses. How he got  
along there on that little island for  
seven years with one leg and sailed that  
distance in such a craft as he had is one  
of those things we'll probably never  
understand, but he did it somehow."

"What is your theory," asked another  
of our party, "as to how he came to be  
in that mental condition when he got  
back, that is, not able or not willing to  
talk?"

"Well," said the Captain, thought-  
fully, "you know that's a thing I have  
thought of a thousand times. I've  
waked up in the night many a time,  
thinking about it. I don't know, sir.  
Maybe the loneliness and the remorse  
that he suffered while he was there  
made him lose his memory and his mind  
partly. That's what I think it most  
likely is. But that's just my theory of it.  
Nobody knows—except Captain Gerome,  
and maybe he doesn't know now."

WANTED—SUCCESS MAGAZINE wants an energetic  
and responsible man or woman in Irvington  
to collect for renewals and solicit new subscrip-  
tions during fall or spare time. Experience un-  
necessary. Any one can start among friends and  
acquaintances and build up a paying and perma-  
nent business without capital. Complete outfit  
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Magazine, Room 101 Success Magazine Building,  
New York City, N. Y.

### THEY WERE STUBBORN.

A Story Illustrating the "Settleness" of  
the Cornishman.

Your Cornishman can be very "set-  
tled" and stubborn. His determination of  
spirit is more remarkable than admi-  
rable at times, though it may be amus-  
ing.

Mr. Hook, the late royal academician,  
was once, says Mr. W. H. Hudson in  
his book on the "Land's End," on the  
sands at Whiteside Bay, working at a  
marine picture, when two natives came  
and plundered them and just behind  
him. There was nothing the artist  
hated more than to be watched by  
strangers over his shoulders in this  
way, and pretty soon he wheeled  
around on them and angrily asked  
them how long they were going to  
stand there.

His manner served to arouse their  
spirit, and they replied brusquely that  
they were going to stay as long as they  
thought proper.

He insisted on knowing just how  
long they were going to stay there to his  
annoyance, and by and by, after  
some more loud and angry discussion,  
one of them incautiously declared they  
would stand at that very spot for an  
hour.

"Do you mean that?" shouted Hook,  
pulling out his watch.  
Yes, they returned, they would not  
str one inch from that spot for an  
hour.

"Very well," he said and pulled up  
his easel, then, marching off to a dis-  
tance of thirty yards, he set it up  
again and resumed his painting.  
And there, within thirty yards of  
his back, the two men stood for one  
hour and a quarter, for, as they did  
not have a watch, they were afraid of  
going away before the hour had ex-  
pired. Then they marched off.

Franklin as a Swimmer.  
In 1726 Benjamin Franklin was  
working as a printer at Waltham, near  
Lincoln Inn Fields, and taught two  
shoppers to swim "at twice going  
into the river." With them and some  
of their friends from the country he  
paid a visit by water to Chelsea, and  
in "our return," he recorded, "at the  
request of the company, whose curi-  
osity Wygate had excited, I stripped  
and leaped into the river and swam  
from near Chelsea to Blackfriars, per-  
forming the feat in many fathoms of  
water, both upon and under the  
water, that surprised and pleased  
those to whom they were novelties."  
—London Tatler.

Money Comes in Bunches  
to A. A. Chisholm, of Treadwell, N. Y., now. His  
reason is well worth recording: "For a long time I  
suffered from indigestion, torpid liver, constipa-  
tion, nervousness, and general debility," he writes.  
"I couldn't sleep, had no appetite, nor ambition,  
grew weaker every day in spite of all medical  
treatment. Then used Electric Bitters. Twelve  
bottles restored all my old-time health and vigor.  
Now I can attend to business every day. It's a  
wonderful medicine." Infallible for Stomach,  
Liver, Kidneys, Blood and Nerves. See at all  
druggists.

### "TO DAY."

If you have kind thoughts for me,  
Think them of me to-day;  
Do not a procrastinator be;  
Wait not 'till I've passed away.

If kind words for me you have,  
Say them to me to-day;  
A rough path you'll help to pave,  
Wait not 'till too late I pray.

If for me you have good deeds,  
Do them for me to-day;  
Think not of my later deeds,  
Don't, I beg of you, delay.

—Harold Edmonds.

### THE REPORTER ON THE SOUTHSIDE.

The CITIZEN'S reporter made an in-  
spection of the Southside and for a day or  
so sojourned in the ancient town of  
Urbanna. Though written down as  
ancient Urbanna, it bears few of the  
marks of decrepitude, save some very  
ancient and venerable buildings and  
trees, relics of days when the town  
stood as a contemporary of Philadel-  
phia. Though both were founded, so  
legend has it, the same year, Urbanna  
has marks which distinguish it from  
some Virginia towns which, starting  
on the country road go up one side of  
the creek and down the other, for it is  
well formed, with wide streets and  
spacious openings.

Urbanna creek,  
which is its port of entry, is a beauti-  
ful bit of water, shut in and land-locked,  
but with deep water and salt at  
that. It has the Virginia oyster for a  
basis, so to speak, and these have the  
characteristics peculiar to those of the  
Rappahannock in general—a flavor that  
tickles the palate as few bivalves else-  
where can. Two steamer landings are  
made in the creek and one just outside  
—West Urbanna, a mile away. The  
Rappahannock, here three miles wide  
and deep enough for the biggest sort of  
navigation, is a grand stream and if in  
England would have huge ships and  
busy cities on its banks, and Urbanna  
is still dreaming of the day when the  
ships will come, the towns built  
and a boom more steady and successful  
than that of the Virginia Valley of  
years gone by will be started.

But the town is after all a rather  
busy one, with some 12 or 15 stores and  
places of business, some of them big  
ones. Here some retired magnates  
have settled and made homes that vie  
with any for real magnificence. State  
Senator Cochran, of Pennsylvania, has  
a splendid farm and fine mansion just  
across the creek, and Dr. Kilmer, of  
"Swamp Root" fame, is spending a lot  
of money on an old estate, with many  
workmen building a mansion and he  
also has half a hundred laborers devel-  
oping his farm.

Three miles away is the old Colonial  
church, "Christ Church," built in 1640,  
the original walls still standing and so  
solid that they look as if they might  
endure through the ages. This county  
(Middlesex) has been fairly well devel-  
oped, and the farms are, many of them,  
in fine condition. The land is well  
adapted to truck-raising and only needs  
a little help, but here as elsewhere the  
great trouble is to obtain labor. It is  
the same story all through Tidewater,  
the river and bay tempt the workman,  
and fish and oysters are too tempting to  
harvest to be resisted. But most of  
the oyster-folk are thrifty people and  
have good dwellings and comfortable  
homes.

It is not commonly known that when  
McClellan was planning his campaign  
against Richmond he seriously con-  
templated in part arranged to make  
Urbanna his base of supplies, but af-  
terwards decided on West Point, 18  
miles away, so Urbanna was saved  
from a dire affliction.

Here is the home of the Southside  
Sentinel, a breezy and up-to-date week-  
ly journal, and its proprietor, Mr. Ry-  
land, has all the cordiality of the gen-  
uine Virginia country editor.

I heard no politics in Middlesex.  
People seem to feel that the Democr-  
atic situation in the county is satisfactory  
and safe.

Like many of the Tidewater locations  
on the Virginia rivers not a few of the  
men of our State who have been lead-  
ers in state and national politics have  
had this as their birthplace, and we  
might make quite a list of names of  
those whose voices have been in past  
days influential in shaping the opinions  
of the country.

### How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any  
case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's  
Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.  
We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney  
for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly  
honestable in all business transactions, and finan-  
cially able to carry out any obligations made by  
him.

WALLING, KINMAN & MARVIN,  
Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.  
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting  
directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the  
system. Testimonials sent free. Price, 75c. per  
bottle. Sold by all Druggists.  
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

### HOW HE RAISED PRIZE CORN.

Mr. Berkley D. Adams, of "Red  
Oak," Charlotte county, who won the  
championship corn prize, amounting to  
about \$450, for the best ten ears of corn,  
with about 500 exhibitors competing,  
raised his corn on an exclusively high-  
land farm. He won in competition with  
the Valley of Virginia and the low-  
ground corn producers on river and  
creek lands.

He used no fertilizer on his corn crop  
this year. The corn was grown on land  
that had been in corn three years with  
crimson clover, seeded at the last culti-  
vation of the corn and fallowed in the  
spring for the following corn crop.  
He uses only pure-bred seed, and has  
been selling considerable corn for seed  
purposes.

Mr. Adams plants his corn flat, and

runs the cultivator through it two or  
three times.

The prize winning ears were selected  
from a field of twelve acres by pulling  
off about sixty ears and carrying them  
out of the field and narrowing the  
selection to the ten ears he placed on  
exhibition. He did not grow the field  
in the expectation of competing at the  
fair, and decided to enter the competi-  
tion only a few days ago.

The corn-growing farmer learns these  
lessons from Mr. Adams:

The finest corn can be raised on up-  
lands.

Crimson clover, sowed at the last  
working, restores nitrogen to the soil,  
and, when turned under, gives the hu-  
mus content that adds life to the soil  
and makes available plant foods that  
would otherwise be unavailable.

Pure-bred seed is superior to other  
seed.

Flat cultivation is superior to ridge  
cultivation.—Richmond Journal.

### The Bed-Rock Of Success

lies in a keen, clear brain, backed by indomitable  
will and restless energy. Such power comes  
from the splendid health that Dr. King's New Life  
Pills impart. They vitalize every organ and build  
up brain and body. J. A. Harmon, Lismore, W.  
Va., writes: "They are the best pills I ever used."  
25c at all druggists.

### TO DESTROY DOGFISH.

An enormous number of lobsters,  
crabs, mackerel and scup, to say nothing  
of less valuable fish are destroyed  
every year by various marine pirates,  
foremost among which are two species  
of dogfish. If those ruthless and voraci-  
ous rivals of man could be extermi-  
nated, his industry would be more rich-  
ly rewarded.

A policy which would give a commer-  
cial value to the dogfish, thus furnish-  
ing an inducement for capturing it is  
suggested. The liver of the dogfish  
yields several quarts of oil, which is  
said to be the equal of codfish oil. The  
skin may be employed as emory pa-  
per and also as a covering for such  
articles as books and cardcases. The  
fins and bones furnish a superior  
grade of glue, and as the flesh lacks  
the unpleasant flavor which is charac-  
teristic of shark's flesh it is often eaten.  
There is today in Halifax an establish-  
ment which cans dogfish and sells the  
product as "ocean whitefish." Finally,  
the dogfish can be converted into a fer-  
tilizer, and factories at which that  
business is conducted have recently  
been opened in three places in Canada.

Dogfish abound on the Atlantic coast  
all the way from Cape Hatteras to the  
Maritime Provinces. At least half a  
dozen American States are interested  
in getting rid of them, but to persuade  
the states to co-operate is a task re-  
quiring time and trouble.

### Frightful Fate Averted

"I would have been a cripple for life, from a  
terrible cut on my knee cap," writes Frank Dis-  
berry, Kellier, Minn., "without Bucklen's Arnica  
Salve, which soon cured me." Infallible for wounds,  
cuts and bruises. It soon cures Burns, Scalds, Old  
Sores, Bolls, Skin Eruptions, Work's best for  
Piles, 25c at all druggists.

### Can't Be Cut Off With a Shilling.